

The Builder.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1852.

ENGLAND has been burying her Hero; and London has been transformed into one vast scaffolding. For these last ten days little else has been thought of; and though the whole affair has taken, as we think, too much the character of a show and a festival, unmistakable evidence has been afforded of the supereminent position which the Duke of Wellington occupied in the public mind. The specialty of our province does not remove from us the necessity of offering grateful tribute to the great General who took 3,000 cannon from the enemy, and never lost an English gun. But for the security which his ability, his character, and his fortune gave us, the sister Arts might still have been skulking unknown in England. While war occupies men's minds, and wastes worse than uselessly their substance, we do not expect to see buildings arise, or painters and sculptors flourish. These are the arts of PEACE; and to Wellington, as the instrument under Providence who gave us this, restored confidence to the world, and allowed the mental powers securely to develop themselves, we owe honour and reverence. "Forty years of peace," as Mr. Disraeli said on Monday night, "have hardly qualified us to be aware how considerable and how complex are the qualities which are necessary for the formation of a great General. It is not enough to say that he must be an engineer, a geographer, learned in human nature, adroit in managing mankind; that he must be able to perform the highest duties of a Minister of State, and sink to the humblest offices of a commissary and a clerk; but he has to display all this knowledge and be must do all these things at the same time and under extraordinary circumstances. At the same moment he must think of the eve and the morrow,—of his flank and of his reserve; he must carry with him ammunition, provisions, hospitals; he must calculate at the same time the state of the weather and the moral qualities of man; and all these elements, which are perpetually changing, he must combine amid overwhelming cold or overpowering heat; sometimes amid famine, often amid the thunder of artillery. Behind all this, too, is the ever-present image of his country, and the dreadful alternative whether that country is to receive him with cypress or with laurel." In the present case the laurel has been bestowed, and now comes the cypress,—cypress not strewn over the grave to be swept away on the morrow, but planted and watered by a nation's tears, to flourish always. Thousands—

"Mourn for the man of largest influence,
Yet freest from ambition's crime,
Our greatest, yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common-sense,
And as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime."

Thousands on thousands have pressed to see his coffin in the soldiers' refuge at Chelsea, and on Thursday the whole population of the metropolis, with armies from the provinces,

filled the streets, the windows, the roofs, the steeples, to see the "solemn, silent, melancholy train," which accompanied his remains to their final field. They needed no urging,—no Homer to sing,—

"If e'er ye rushed in crowds, with vast delight,
To hail your hero glorious from the fight,
Now meet him dead; and let your sorrows flow;
Your common triumph, and your common woe."

So great, indeed, were the crowds at Chelsea Hospital, that, through defective arrangements for their safety, life was lost, as all by this time have heard. To say that the provisions were "defective," however, is too mild a term, they were disgraceful to all the parties concerned. A hodge-carpenter who had ever seen a London mob would have made better provision against accident than was provided on the first public day of the ceremonial. We shall not soon forget the scene we looked down upon on that day. The surging mass of people, steaming, struggling, screaming, crushing each other by the momentum given and checked, was frightful to contemplate. There was no controlling head, and the effect of what the police did was simply to make matters worse. On the following days barriers were erected, and the arrangements otherwise improved; but even to the last they were grossly defective, and that, too, though there were facilities of no ordinary kind, in the shape of a noble approach in front of the entrance. If *sizag barriers* had been constructed here forming a *queue* not much wider than the stream that could enter the hall, the progress might have been nearly continuous, and the public, feeling assured that, although they entered slowly, none went in before their turn, would have been satisfied. In the rush that was made from barrier to barrier, as these were respectively opened, scores of persons were knocked down and trampled on.

Within the hall, the arrangements were little better, partly consequent on the plan of the building. The approach up steps was execrable, the doorway too small. The exit also should have been larger, and then there might have been two gangways down the room, and before the bier, one higher than the other, so as to have allowed a much larger number of persons to have passed through in the same length of time.

Of the artistic arrangement of the hall there was nothing to complain, and at the same time little requiring special comment, unless we except the arrangement of the lights on the platform, to which we have before alluded.

On Tuesday and Wednesday night the Strand, Fleet-street, and the neighbourhood of St. Paul's, presented a curious sight: scaffoldings were being erected in every direction; the gas was flaring and the hammers going all night. At Somerset House, where a scaffolding was erected by the Society of Antiquaries, a horizontal gas-pipe with jets in it, had been carried from each of the two lamps in front of it, forming a regular figure, and producing a singular effect. Some awoke and fancied London had become a vast undertaker's shop, so constant was the tapping on all sides; and one tells us he dreamed he was Charles I. and that the men were preparing the scaffold. How glad he was when he awoke, and found he was a subject, and not a king, we need not say.

At the club-houses, too, in Pall-mall, the Athenæum in particular, the works were going on by gas-light, and a stirring effect was pro-

duced. Temple Bar was very appropriately and effectively draped with black cloth and decorated.

The appearance of the streets on Thursday was very striking. Every available corner was filled; the pavements presented a compact mass of spectators, and every where the greatest decorum and propriety was preserved. The measured tread of the soldiery produced a striking effect; and as the car passed bearing the body, every head was uncovered.*

According to the official account of the car, "The leading idea adopted was to obtain soldier-like simplicity, with grandeur, solemnity, and reality. Whatever there is—coffin, bier, trophies, and metal carriage, all are real, and everything in the nature of a sham has been eschewed. The dimensions have been controlled by the height and width of Temple Bar, which will not admit anything much higher than 17 feet. The design of the car, based upon the general idea suggested by the superintendents, was given by the Art Superintendent, Mr. Redgrave; but its constructive and ornamental details have been worked out and superintended by Professor Semper, whilst the details relating to the woven fabrics and heraldry, have been designed by Mr. Octavius Hudson, both being professors in the department of practical art."†

Although there is a certain massive richness about the car, it cannot be pronounced wholly satisfactory: it strikingly recalls a railway truck, and no defence can be offered for the half-halbert, half-candelabrum character of the supports for the canopy.

We give a view of the cathedral church as it was fitted up for the ceremony, looking towards the north-west. By a misunderstanding, however, only one gallery is represented in the transept: there were two. The fittings were done in the most substantial and complete manner, but there was no attempt at decoration; such as were seen, for example, in the church of St. Roch in Paris, on the occasion of the burial of Marshal Soult.

It was stated that the doors of St. Paul's would be opened at six o'clock, but it was nearly eight o'clock before the workmen re-

"Whom bear ye thus with heavy tread,
With arms reversed, and arms depraved?"
"Comrade, we bear the mighty dead
In glory to his place of rest
A nation through the city's ways,
In grief for him whose race is run:
On, in dark state, beneath their gaze,
Comrade, we bear great Wellington."
March—slowly march—hark! in the bush, I hear
Armed's harrah, and Bedlam's cheer.

On—bear him on to where they sleep.
Our greatest, whom we name with pride;
Lay him by Moore, in slumber deep,
Lay him by Abercrombie's side.
Now—place him by the only one
Who died, with him, red victory's smile:
Room for the dead, by him who won
For us Trafalgar and the Nile!
On—bear him on—hark! in the bush, I hear
Toulon's charge and St. Sebastian's cheer.

Throw wide the doors, dust unto dust;
O'er him the yawning marble close;
Give him to Death, with trembling trust,
Calm in his last stern cold repose.
In reverent silence, in the gloom
Brooding beneath the mighty dome,
Conquerors, to share the conqueror's doom,
Leave him to fame in his last home.
March—comrades, march—hark! in the bush, I hear
Quatre Bras' harrah and Waterloo's fierce cheer.
W. C. BASSSETT.

† The modelling was executed partly by Mr. Whittaker, a sculptor, and Mr. Wilson, a student of the department, and partly at Messrs. Jackson's establishment. The modelling of the Duke's Arms was entrusted to Mr. Thomas. The castings were appointed as follows:—The wheels to Messrs. Tyler of Warren's; the corner figures of Fame leading pairs to Messrs. Stuart and Smith, of Sheffield; the pannels of Fame to Messrs. Hooker, of Sheffield; the Lions bred to Mr. Messenger of Birmingham; and the spirals, moulding, and Duke's Arms to Mr. Robinson, of Finsley.

* See page 730, in our present number.